AMERICA'S #1 SUPER HERO!

ECLIPSE COMICS™

ATTENTION PARENTS: This issue contains graphic scenes of childbirth.

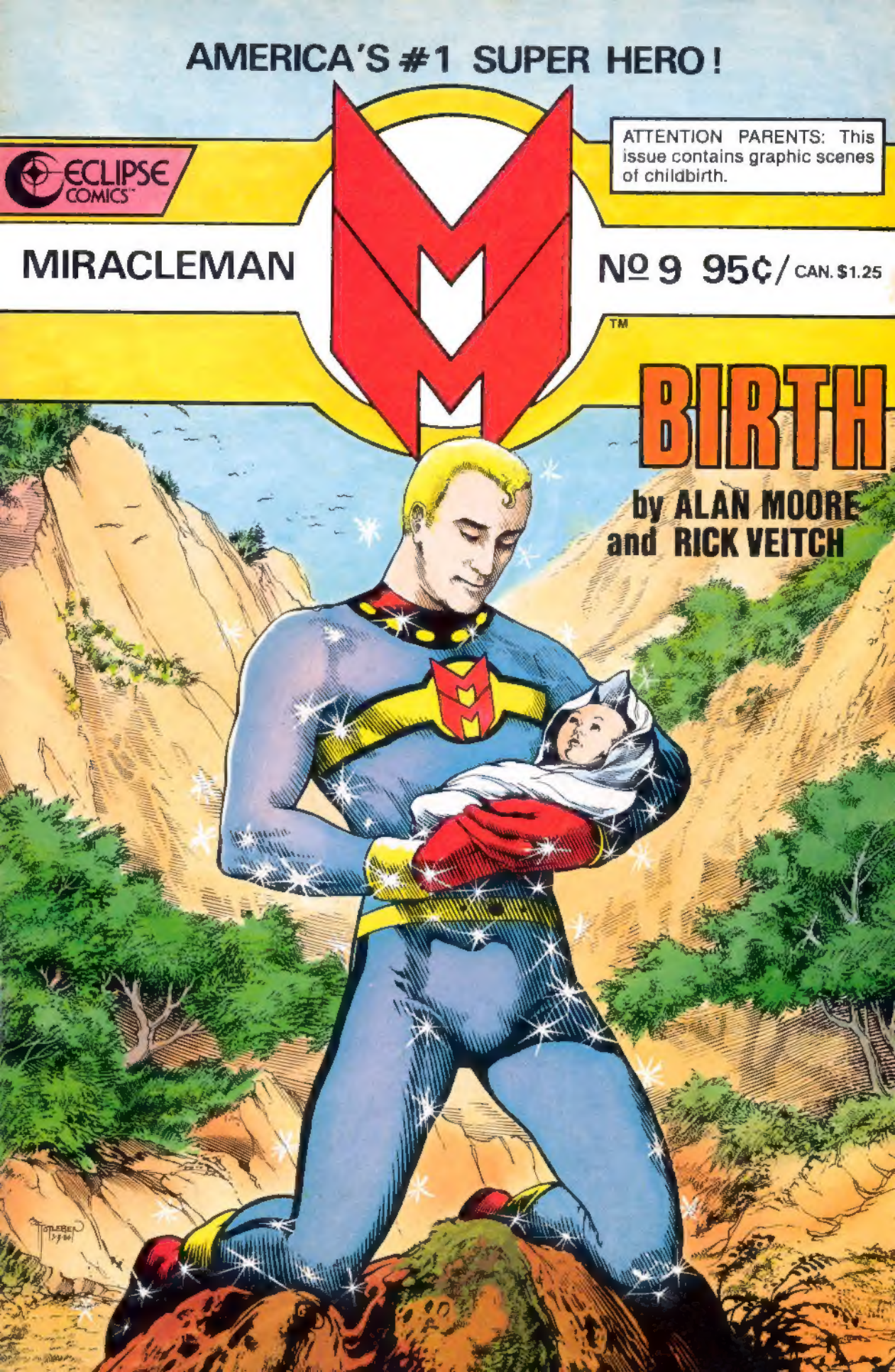
MIRACLEMAN

№ 9 95¢/ CAN. $1.25

™

BIRTH

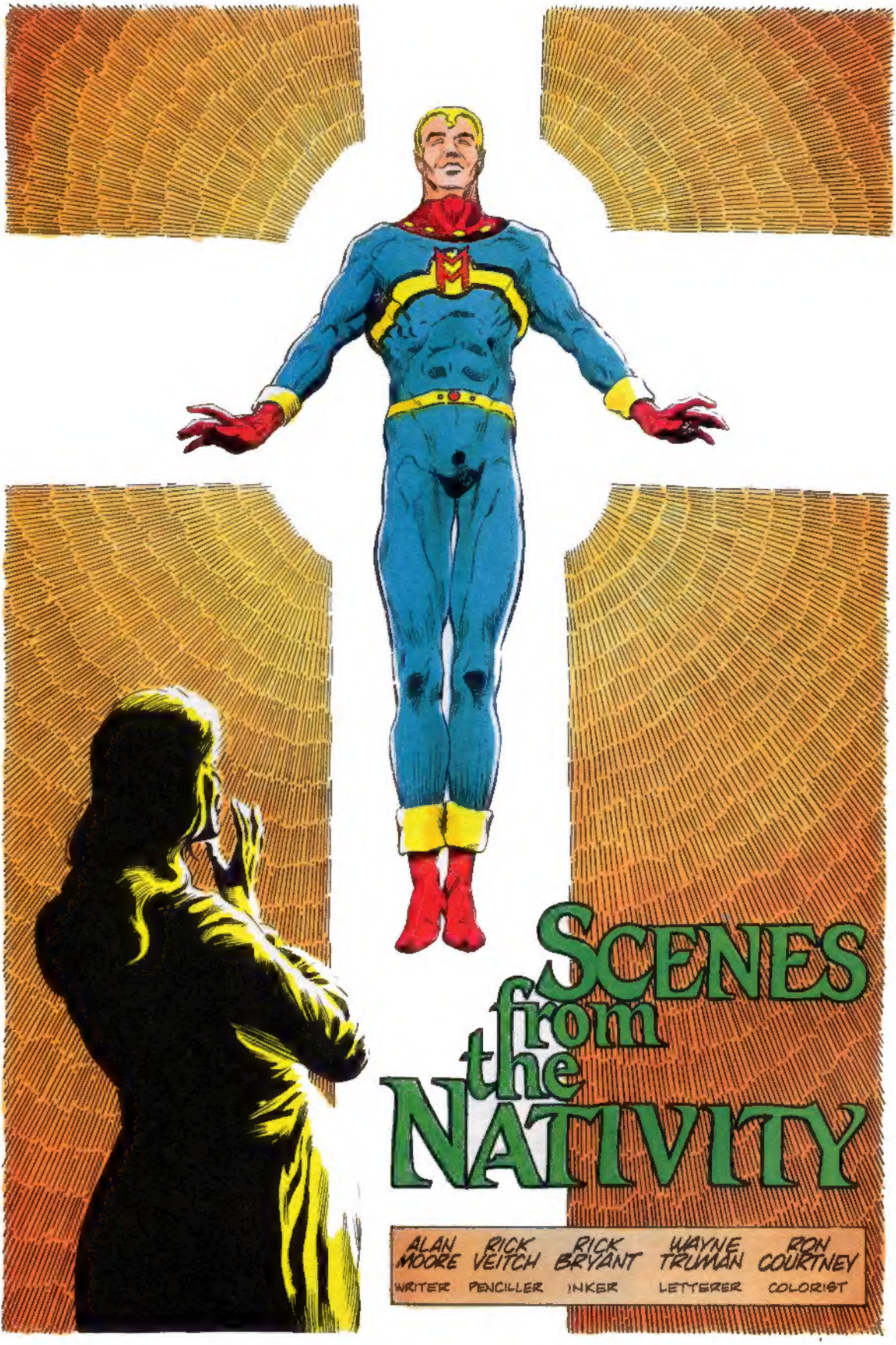
by ALAN MOORE and RICK VEITCH



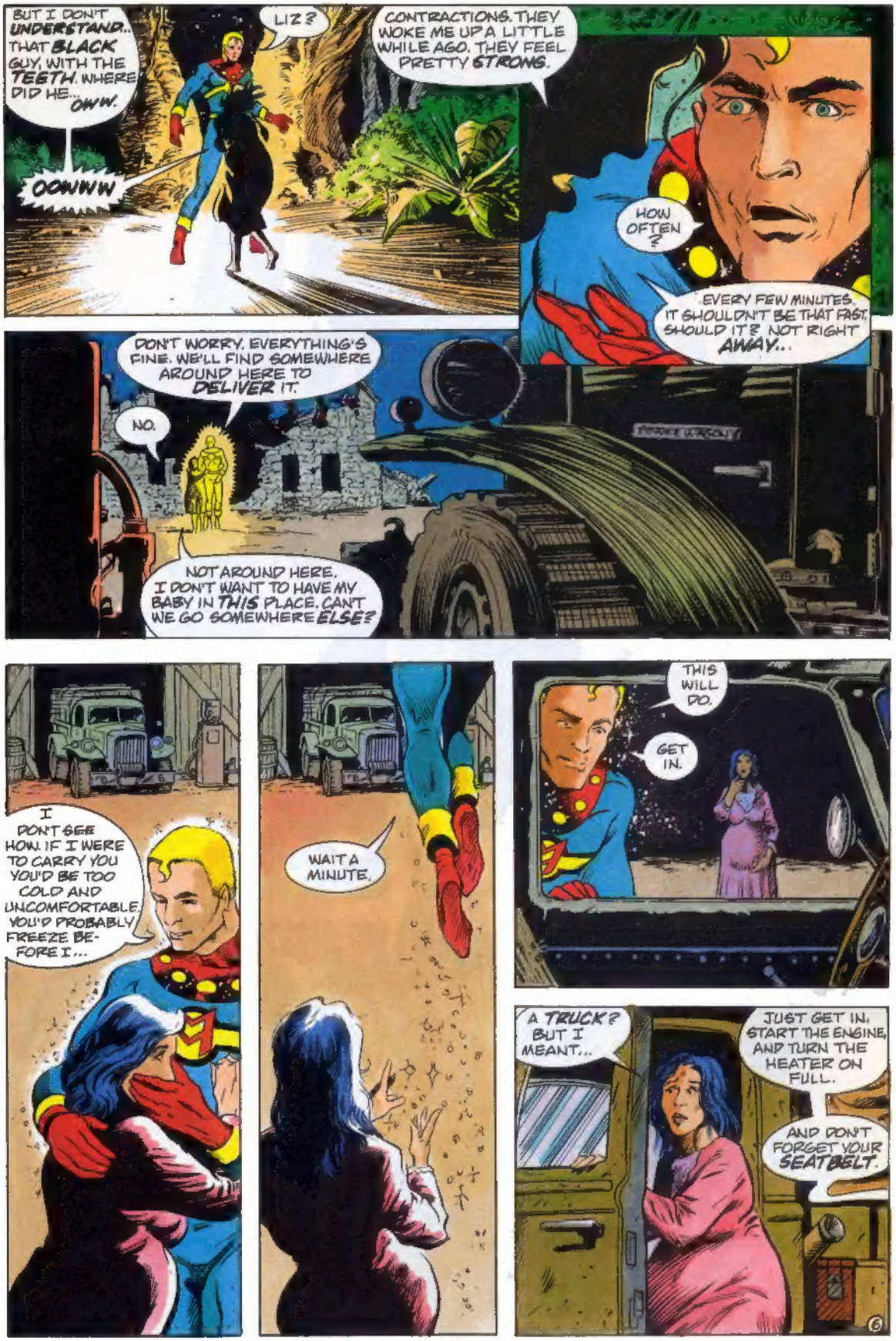
WAKE UP.
WAKE UP NOW.
IT'S TIME.
TIME..?
WHU...
OWWW.
MIKE..?
THE CONTRACTIONS ARE...
OH GOD.
MIKE.

OWWW.
ICH KANN'S NICHT VERSTEHEN. WO IST DER DOKTOR?
ICH WEISS ES NICHT! HINAUS- SCHNELL!
W-WAIT. WHERE'S EVERYBODY GOING?
ACH, NEIN! ICH HAB' DICH NICHT VERLETZT! ICH WAR NICHT SCHULD DARAN!
LASS MICH LOS!
WAR DAS..?
JA. DIE JUNGE FRAU VOM ÜBER MENSCH. DIE MUTTER.
O GOTT, LAUF SCHNELL FORT!
OOOWW!
OOH, SHIT..
HELLO?
LOOK, FOR GOD'S SAKE, I'M HAVING A BLOODY BABY..
OH, COME ON!
WHERE IS EVERYBODY?

OWWWWW!
OH HELL. WHAT AM I GOING TO...
UH...


SCENES from the NATIVITY
ALAN MOORE
WRITER
RICK VEITCH
PENCILLER
RICK BRYANT
INKER
WAYNE TRUMAN
LETTERER
RON COURTNEY
COLORIST

HELLO.
HELLO.
OH MIKE. OH GOD, THAT DOG!
AND GARGUNZA... HE WANTED TO... THE BABY. HE WANTED TO...
SHHH. DON'T WORRY, MY LOVE. NOT ABOUT THE DOG OR GARGUNZA OR ANYONE. THEY CAN'T HARM YOU. THEY'RE GONE NOW.
ALL GONE AWAY.
5

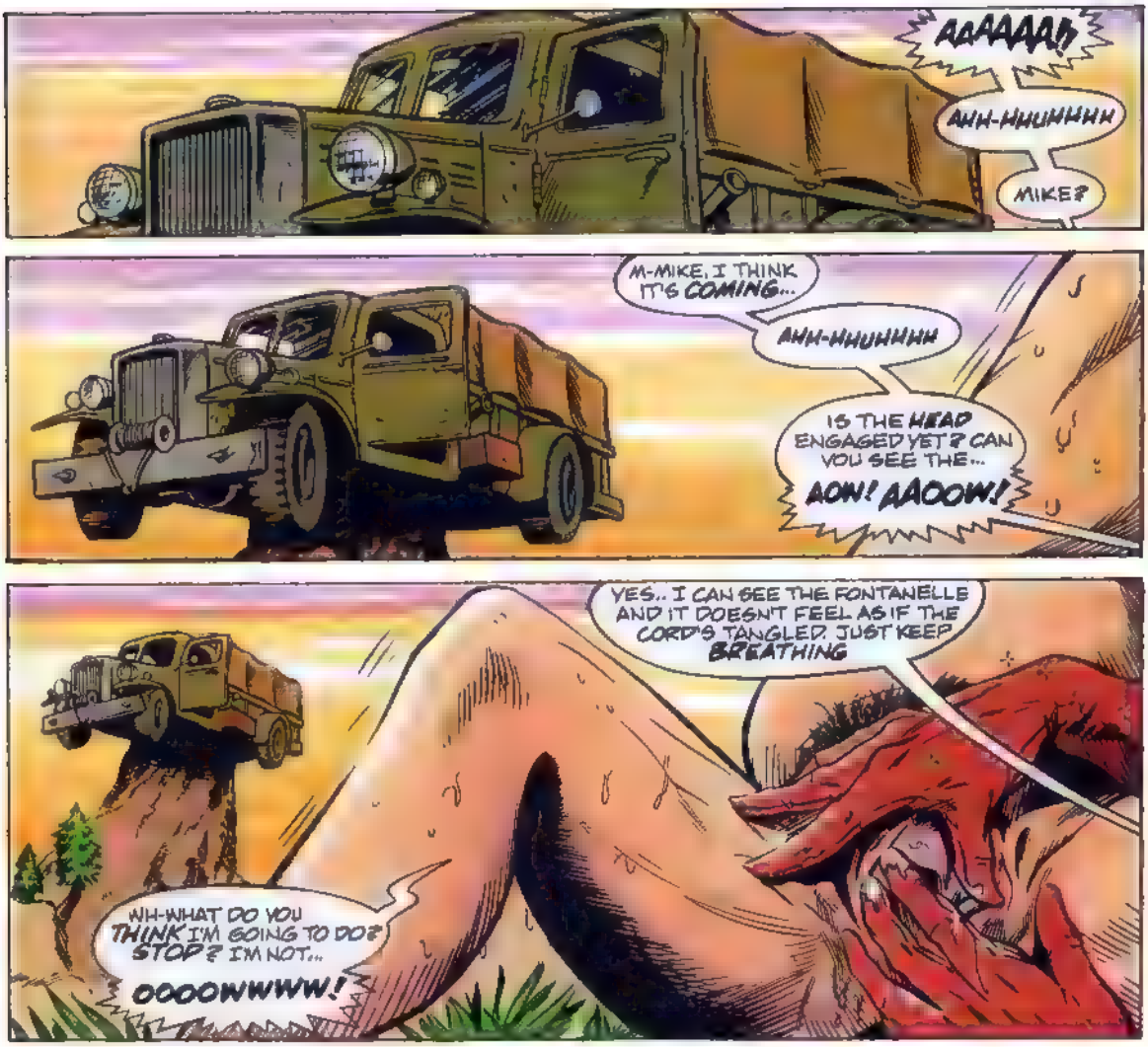

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND... THAT BLACK GUY, WITH THE TEETH. WHERE DID HE... OWW.
OOWWW
LIZ?
CONTRACTIONS. THEY WOKE ME UP A LITTLE WHILE AGO. THEY FEEL PRETTY STRONG.
HOW OFTEN?
EVERY FEW MINUTES. IT SHOULDN'T BE THAT FAST. SHOULD IT? NOT RIGHT AWAY...
DON'T WORRY. EVERYTHING'S FINE. WE'LL FIND SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE TO DELIVER IT.
NO.
NOT AROUND HERE. I DON'T WANT TO HAVE MY BABY IN THIS PLACE. CAN'T WE GO SOMEWHERE ELSE?
I DON'T SEE HOW. IF I WERE TO CARRY YOU YOU'D BE TOO COLD AND UNCOMFORTABLE. YOU'D PROBABLY FREEZE BEFORE I...
WAIT A MINUTE.
THIS WILL DO.
GET IN.
A TRUCK? BUT I MEANT...
JUST GET IN. START THE ENGINE, AND TURN THE HEATER ON FULL.
AND DON'T FORGET YOUR SEATBELT.
6

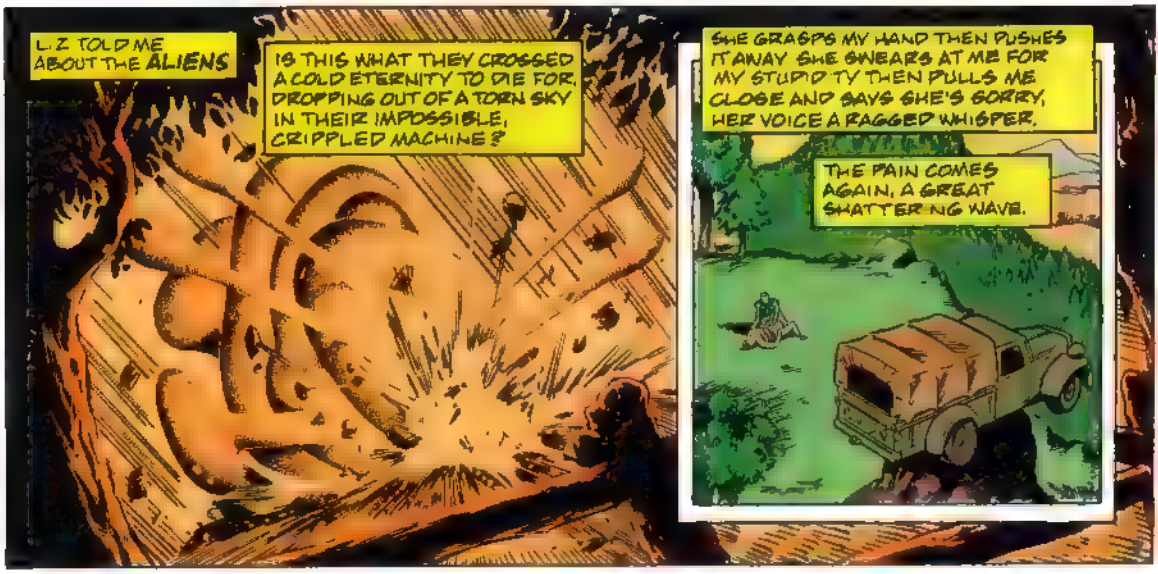
MIKE, I... OOWWW.
AHUHH AHUHH AHUHH... I DON'T THINK THIS IS THE SORT OF TRANSPORT I NEED.
IT'S NOT...
TAKE THE HANDBRAKE OFF.
WELL, OKAY, BUT I DON'T...
MIKE? MIKE, WE'RE MOVING. ARE YOU DOING THAT?
DON'T GO TOO FAST...
I SAID DON'T GO TOO FAST!
I'M GETTING READY TO HAVE A BABY UP HERE AND I'M SUPPOSE TO AVOID SUDDEN SHOCKS. THEY'RE NOT...
GOOD
FOR
ME.
JESUS.

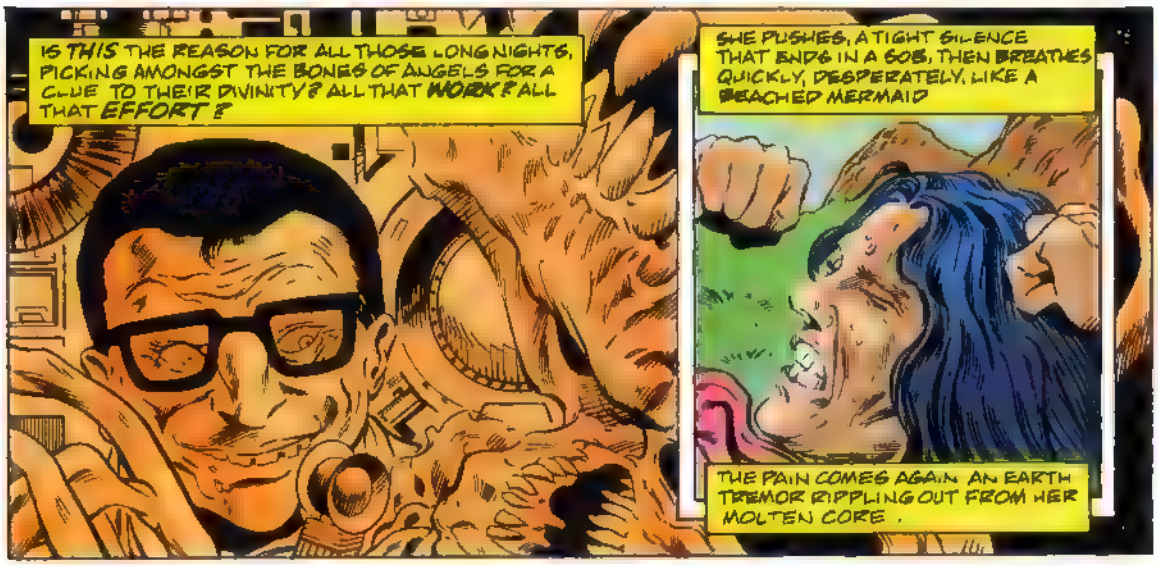
BAAAAAAP
MIKE?
YOU SAID GARGUNZA WAS GONE.
WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM?
I THREW HIM AT A PLANET.
OH

INTERLUDE:
SAINT CRISPIN'S HOSPITAL FOR THE MENTALLY ILL CHILDREN'S WARD
ALL VISITORS MUST CHECK IN AT REGISTRATION DESK
<FIRST OF FIVE CUCKOOS WE MUST INSPECT IS WITHIN, BROTHER. DOES THIS DESTABILIZE YOUR PSYCHO-CHEMIC BALANCE?>
<NO. MERELY WISH THIS DONE AND HINDWARDS, AND WE HOME WITH OUR WIVES. LET US ENTER.>
HELLO, MISS. WE ARE WORK FOR AIR FORCE. WE WISH TO SEE CHILD BATES.
WHAT?
NO...NO VISITORS JUST NOW, LOVE. NOT UNLESS YOU'VE GOT SOME IDENTIFICATION...
YES, YES. IDENTIFICATION IS HERE...
LOOK:
YOU DO NOT SEE PENCIL...
YOU SEE IDENTIFICATION FOR AIR FORCE.
NOW: TELL US THAT WE CAN ENTER.
MNH?
UHH, OH, WELL, THAT ALL SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER. PLEASE GO RIGHT IN.
ROYAL AIR FORCE
JERRY'S KIDS
FIRE HOSE

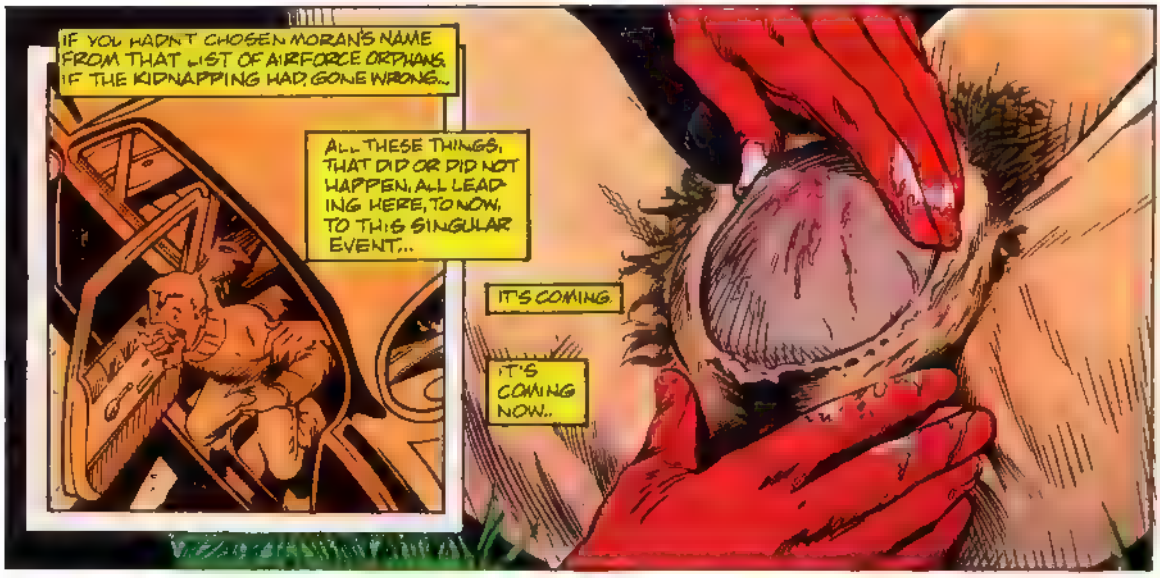
(OBSERVE. WITHDRAWAL OF THE "I." CHANGE-SHOCK HAS LEFT CHILD IN HRUMU TRANCE-STATE)
(WE MUST DETERMINE IF IT IS PERMANENT. IF CHILD IS INSENSITIVE TO EXTERNAL STIMULI...
(THEN LET US GO INSIDE)
CHILD BATES?
WE ARE COME TO TALK WITH YOU
WE WISH INFORMATION OF YOUR CHANGE-SELF. IS HE STILL VIABLE IN THESE SPACES?
IT IS USELESS NO RESPONSE THE HRUMU TRANCE MUST BE SEVERE
THERE IS NO INDICATION OF THE CHANGE SELF LACKING EVIDENCE, WE MUST ASSUME SHOCK HAS DESTROYED MIND-PIVOT.
HE IS HARMLESS LET US LEAVE
NOW WHAT THE HELL WERE THEY?

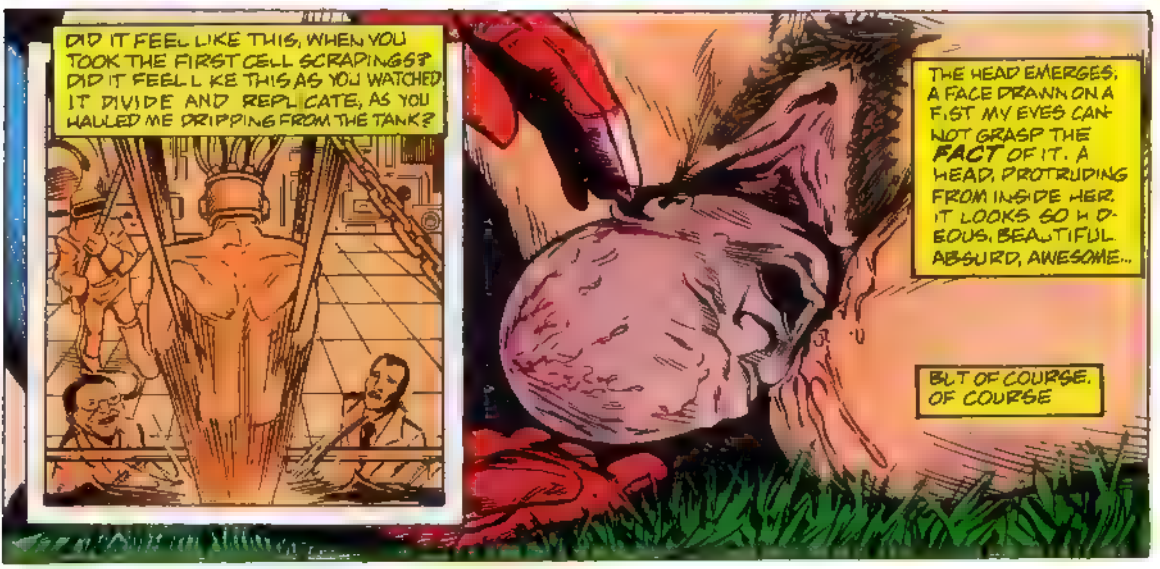

AAAAAA!
AHH-HHUHHHH
MIKE?
M-MIKE, I THINK IT'S COMING...
AHH-HHUHHHH
IS THE HEAD ENGAGED YET? CAN YOU SEE THE...
AOW! AAOOW!
YES.. I CAN SEE THE FONTANELLE AND IT DOESN'T FEEL AS IF THE CORD'S TANGLED. JUST KEEP BREATHING
WH-WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M GOING TO DO? STOP? I'M NOT...
OOOOWWWW!
OH MIKE, IT HURRTS.
I CAN'T DO THIS NOT ON MY OWN. I'M NOT STRONG ENOUGH.
OHH GODDD!
YOU'RE DOING FINE.
DON'T TALK OR MAKE ANY NOISE. JUST TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND PUSH AGAIN...
NNNNHHH. NNNNN- NNUHH!
OH CHRIST, SOMEBODY JUST STOP IT..
HER UPPER BODY TRIES TO SCRABBLE BACKWARDS AWAY FROM THE PAIN I CANNOT REMOVE. BETWEEN HER LEGS THE SOFT SKULL PULSES. GRAY WITH MUCOUS.
IS THIS IT GARGUNZA?
IS THIS WHAT ALL THOSE YEARS WERE FOR?

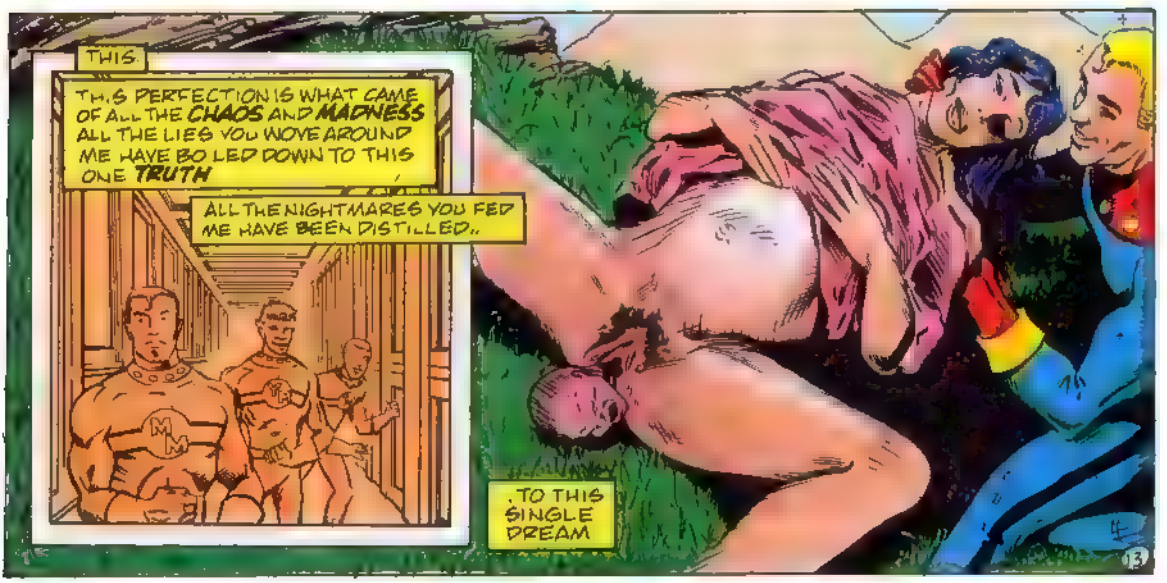

LIZ TOLD ME ABOUT THE ALIENS
IS THIS WHAT THEY CROSSED A COLD ETERNITY TO DIE FOR, DROPPING OUT OF A TORN SKY IN THEIR IMPOSSIBLE, CRIPPLED MACHINE?
SHE GRASPS MY HAND THEN PUSHES IT AWAY. SHE SWEARS AT ME FOR MY STUPIDITY THEN PULLS ME CLOSE AND SAYS SHE'S SORRY, HER VOICE A RAGGED WHISPER.
THE PAIN COMES AGAIN, A GREAT SHATTERING WAVE.

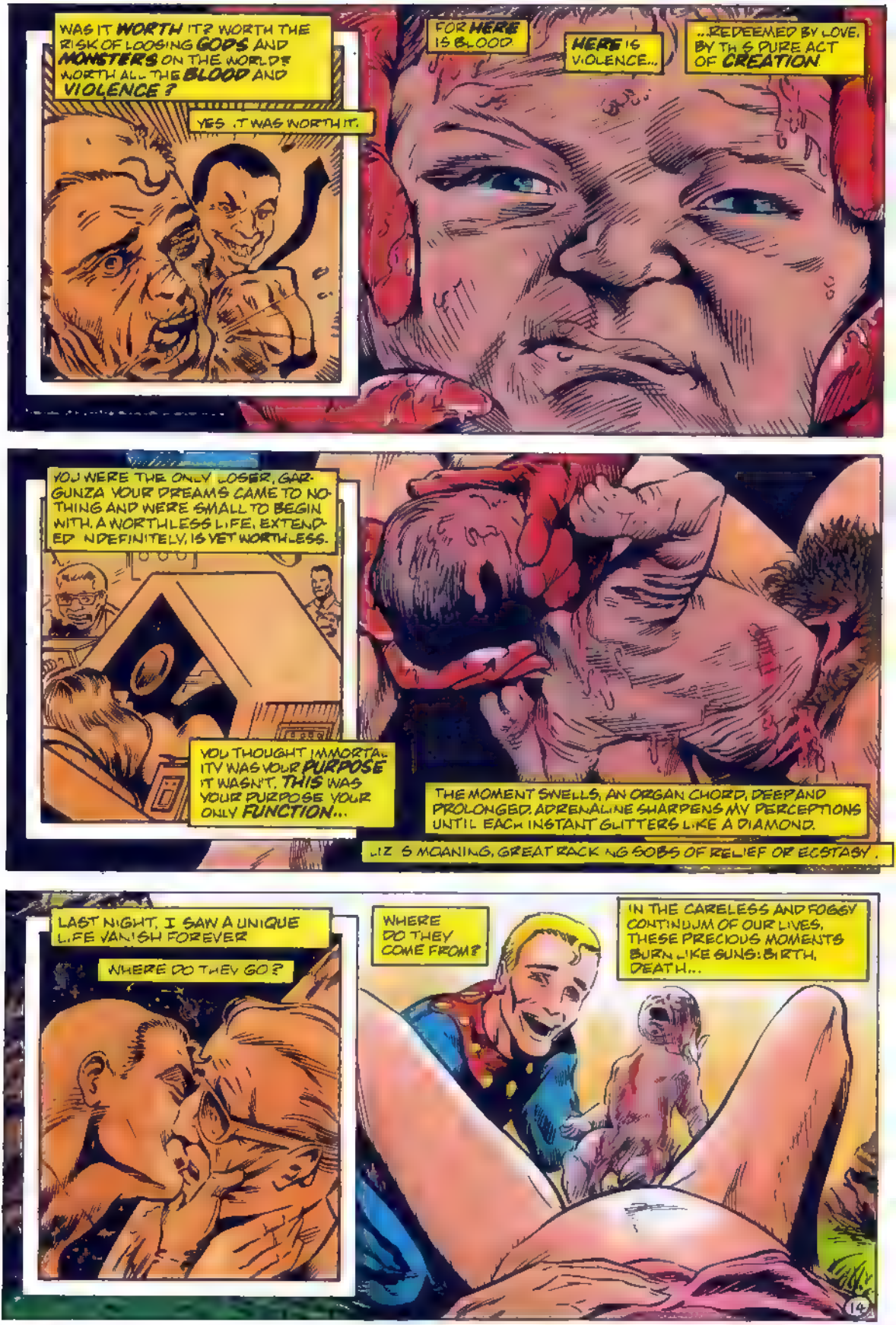

IS THIS THE REASON FOR ALL THOSE LONG NIGHTS, PICKING AMONGST THE BONES OF ANGELS FOR A CLUE TO THEIR DIVINITY? ALL THAT WORK? ALL THAT EFFORT?
SHE PUSHES, A TIGHT SILENCE THAT ENDS IN A SOB, THEN BREATHES QUICKLY, DESPERATELY, LIKE A BEACHED MERMAID
THE PAIN COMES AGAIN. AN EARTH TREMOR RIPPLING OUT FROM HER MOLTEN CORE.

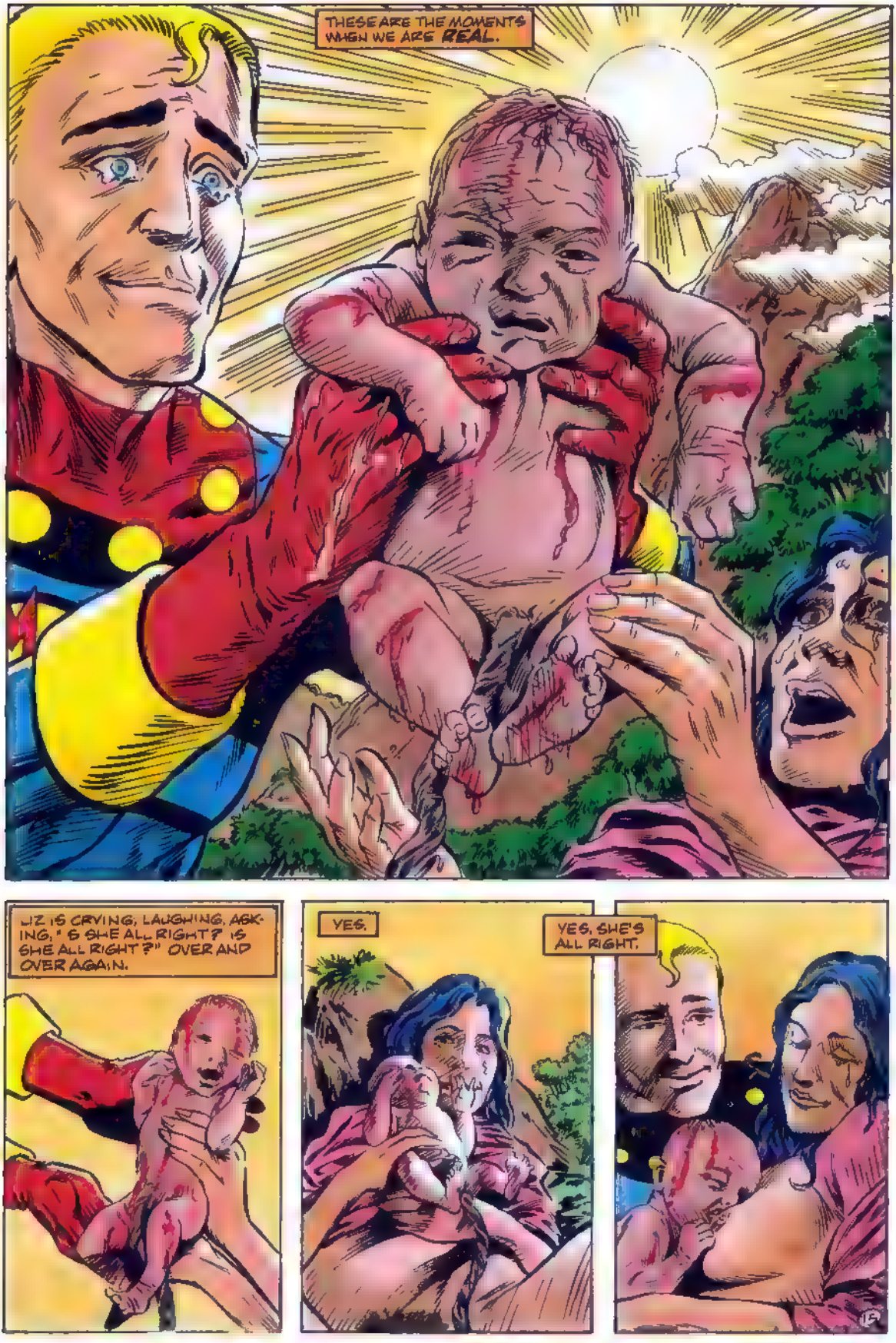
IS THIS WHAT WE LIVED FOR? YOU, ME, LIZ, OUR PARENTS, THEIR PARENTS?
MORAN'S MOTHER SAID 'MICHAEL?' AND SQUEEZED HIS HAND. HE SQUEEZED BACK, WAITING FOR HER TO CONTINUE. HER HAND GREW GRADUALLY COLDER.
HER BODY IS SHUDDERING. HER FINGERS CLENCH TIGHT AROUND MINE AS IF SHE'S FRIGHTENED OF FALLING OFF THE WORLD.
THE PAIN GETS AS BAD AS IT POSSIBLY CAN AND THEN GETS WORSE.

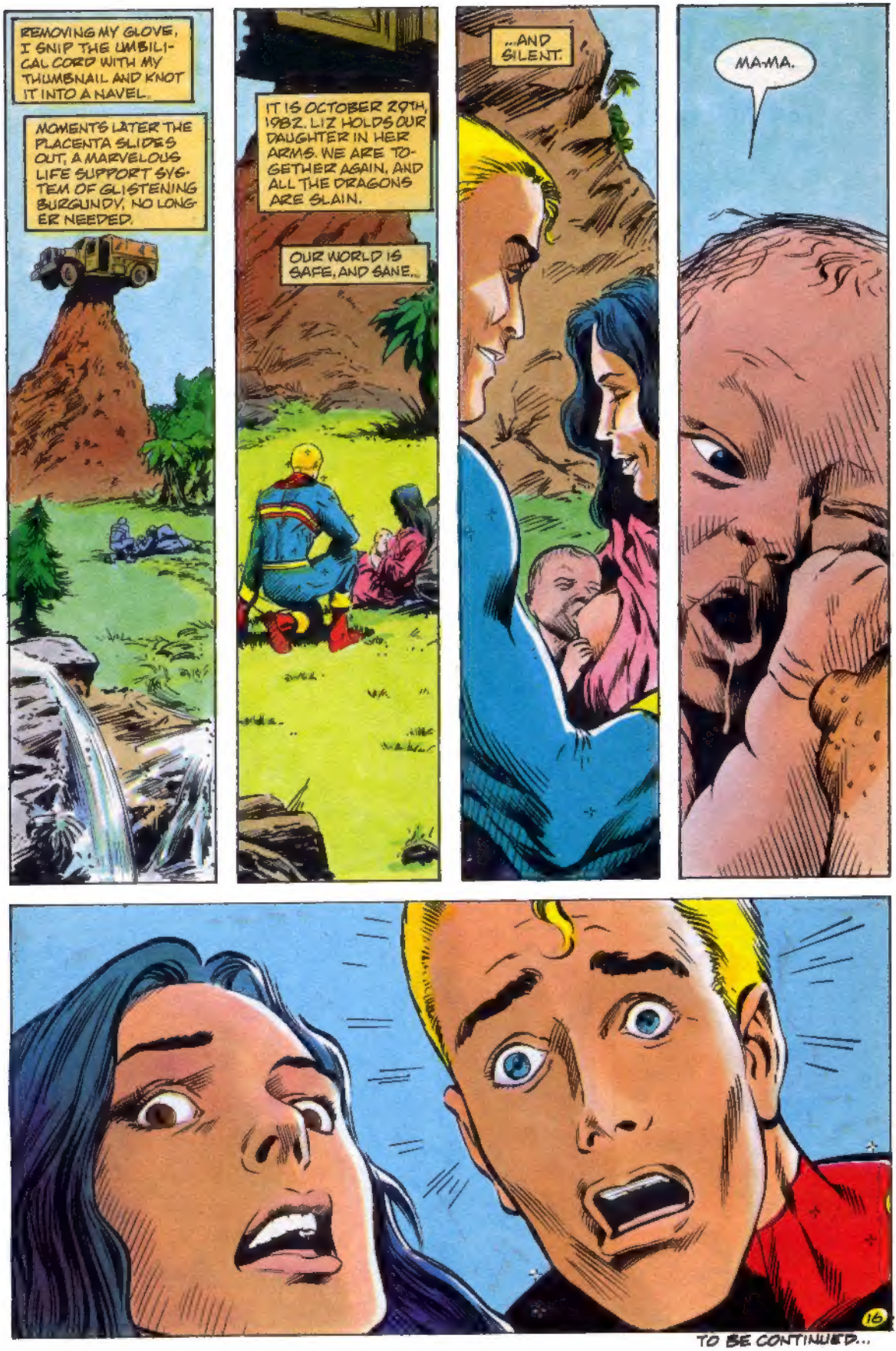

IF YOU HADN'T CHOSEN MORAN'S NAME FROM THAT LIST OF AIRFORCE ORPHANS, IF THE KIDNAPPING HAD GONE WRONG...
ALL THESE THINGS, THAT DID OR DID NOT HAPPEN, ALL LEADING HERE, TO NOW, TO THIS SINGULAR EVENT...
IT'S COMING.
IT'S COMING NOW..


DID IT FEEL LIKE THIS, WHEN YOU TOOK THE FIRST CELL SCRAPINGS? DID IT FEEL LIKE THIS AS YOU WATCHED IT DIVIDE AND REPLICATE, AS YOU HAULED ME DRIPPING FROM THE TANK?
THE HEAD EMERGES, A FACE DRAWN ON A FIST MY EYES CANNOT GRASP THE FACT OF IT. A HEAD, PROTRUDING FROM INSIDE HER. IT LOOKS SO HIDEOUS, BEAUTIFUL ABSURD, AWESOME...
BUT OF COURSE, OF COURSE


THIS.
THIS PERFECTION IS WHAT CAME OF ALL THE CHAOS AND MADNESS ALL THE LIES YOU WOVE AROUND ME HAVE BOILED DOWN TO THIS ONE TRUTH
ALL THE NIGHTMARES YOU FED ME HAVE BEEN DISTILLED..
.TO THIS SINGLE DREAM


WAS IT WORTH IT? WORTH THE RISK OF LOOSING GODS AND MONSTERS ON THE WORLD? WORTH ALL THE BLOOD AND VIOLENCE?
YES. IT WAS WORTH IT.
FOR HERE IS BLOOD
HERE IS VIOLENCE...
...REDEEMED BY LOVE, BY THIS PURE ACT OF CREATION.
YOU WERE THE ONLY LOSER, GARGUNZA YOUR DREAMS CAME TO NOTHING AND WERE SMALL TO BEGIN WITH. A WORTHLESS LIFE, EXTENDED INDEFINITELY, IS YET WORTHLESS.
YOU THOUGHT IMMORTALITY WAS YOUR PURPOSE IT WASN'T. THIS WAS YOUR PURPOSE YOUR ONLY FUNCTION...
THE MOMENT SWELLS, AN ORGAN CHORD, DEEP AND PROLONGED. ADRENALINE SHARPENS MY PERCEPTIONS UNTIL EACH INSTANT GLITTERS LIKE A DIAMOND.
LIZ IS MOANING, GREAT RACKING SOBS OF RELIEF OR ECSTASY.
LAST NIGHT, I SAW A UNIQUE LIFE VANISH FOREVER
WHERE DO THEY GO?
WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?
IN THE CARELESS AND FOGGY CONTINUUM OF OUR LIVES, THESE PRECIOUS MOMENTS BURN LIKE SUNS: BIRTH, DEATH...
14


THESE ARE THE MOMENTS WHEN WE ARE REAL.
LIZ IS CRYING, LAUGHING, ASKING, "IS SHE ALL RIGHT? IS SHE ALL RIGHT?" OVER AND OVER AGAIN.
YES.
YES, SHE'S ALL RIGHT.


REMOVING MY GLOVE, I SNIP THE UMBILICAL CORD WITH MY THUMBNAIL AND KNOT IT INTO A NAVEL.
MOMENTS LATER THE PLACENTA SLIDES OUT, A MARVELOUS LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEM OF GLISTENING BURGUNDY, NO LONGER NEEDED.
IT IS OCTOBER 29TH, 1982. LIZ HOLDS OUR DAUGHTER IN HER ARMS. WE ARE TOGETHER AGAIN, AND ALL THE DRAGONS ARE SLAIN.
OUR WORLD IS SAFE, AND SANE...
...AND SILENT.
MA-MA.
TO BE CONTINUED...
16

MIRACLEMAIL

P.O.BOX 199 GUERNEVILLE, CA 95446

We skipped the lettercol last issue to squeeze in some pin-ups and the preview of Eclipse's new superhero series, **The New Wave,** which means that the mailbag this time is full full full. So let's dig in and dig out the best letters on issue #6, shall we? (Scrape, paw, reach...)

Dear Alans, Dez, and all readers of **Miracleman,**

Alan Moore, as everyone should know, is the comic book literary equivalent of God. Imagine, if you can, flicking through **Warrior** magazine and getting to the bit where poor old Mikey is about to be devoured by Marveldog ("Miracledog"? Doesn't it just make you want to spit?), then having to wait TWO YEARS, if not more, for the conclusion of this part of an absolutely stunning story!! Can you? No, of course you can't, you're Americans.

Forgive me, for my ill feeling stems from the childish behaviour of Mxxxx! Comics over Marvelman's name. Shame that Marvelman was doing his stuff while Stan Lee was gasping in wonder at bodily hair, but them's the breaks, I guess.

Anyway, thank the Lord God above that MM is finally back in print: the all-colour book is great, and it's nice to have 3 chapters in one book. Hey, Alan, remember "V for Vendetta"— wouldn't it give our American friends something to draw on?!!

Love and good health to you all,
Nick Boulton
c/o Lyric Theatre
King Street
Hammersmith
London W6

I forgive you for your tweaking of Americans, Nick, but will Stan?

Dear Miraculous Ones,

Cream's death in #6 was a perfect example of the power of Alan Moore's writing. This could have been portrayed in a very bloody manner, as a big, splashy shock. Alan, however, chose a more restrained and gradual route. To me, though, this was even more horrific—the dawning realization of what we've been seeing all along has a more solid impact than any cheap surprise.

However, wonderful though the Miracledog chase sequence was, I'm at a loss as to why Gargunza used this rather contrived method at all. He had Cream and Moran dead to rights and could easily have made them just plain dead by simply shooting them. Why then the elaborate chase scene? All Moran has to do is last for an hour and he can turn back into Miracleman. This is admittedly an unlikely event, but why would such a careful planner like Gargunza leave this needlessly to chance in such an all-important operation?

James Ricklef's letter brought back to mind the powerful image of the great super-hero struggling to break free of the prison inside an ordinary person. Believe it or not, this has come to be sort of one of the reasons why I persist with using my pseudonym. Somehow, I feel that T.M. Maple can sometimes bring to the surface parts of me that would remain buried otherwise. (Now, some might think those parts should *stay* buried, but that's another story!)

It is interesting, cat, that you laud the printing work of "Ronald's Printing of Montreal, Quebec." I happened to notice the other day that the Canadian edition of *Time* magazine is printed by "Ronald's Printing of Richmond Hill." (Richmond Hill is a town just north of Ontario.) Is this the same outfit? (If so, they have a nicely diverse clientele.)

"T.M. Maple"
Box 1272, Station B
Weston, Ontario
M9L 2R9 Canada

That's the one-and-only Ronald's Printing, T.M. Those guys really get around... in fact, they even print Mr. Maple's phone book. As to why Gargunza went through an elaborate chase scene... let's just chalk it up to "the thrill of the hunt." I mean, you'd think the Batman *TV show would have inured people to this kind of thing, right?*

Dear Alan,

I love your **Miracleman** comic! I just bought two #6s because I thought the pin-up was great! What's the story going to be like without Evelyn Cream? Without the government knowing Miracleman's secret identity? I was suspicious in #1 when it said 1956, so I asked my friend who got me interested in Miracleman, Ray, who told me that his name used to be Marvelman and that he

used to be in a magazine called **Warrior.** Ray is a really good friend. Keep up the good work! Kimota! In other words, bye!

Ryan Hall
273 Darcy St.
Oshawa, Ontario
L1G 6W6 Canada

That's great about Ray being a really good friend of yours, Ryan, especially since his name used to be Marvelman and he was in a comic and everything. Friends are nice things to have, and super-powered ones are even better, right?

Oh wait, I get it.

Dear Alan and cat,

In all my fifteen years of collecting I have never had a letter printed in a comic magazine.

And you still haven't!

OK, I'm just kidding, Scott. Go ahead...

And in those same fifteen years I've never wanted a letter printed as badly as I want the following printed. In my favorite comic, **Marvel**—ulp, **Miracleman,** of course.

First off, **Miracleman** is a comic unmatched by any other magazine in the field, and this includes such titles as **Doc Stearn ... Mr. Monster** (another favorite). With powerful scripting, Alan Moore has done what only he could do. He's turned a second-rate (at best) clone of a copyright into America's #1 Super Hero. (By the way, why is that phrase off the #6 logo?) *(Variety?--ed.)*

Anyway, Alan, you've made a Miraclefan of me. In my M.M. collection are M.M. #s 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 3-D #1, and the British **"Marvelman"** (yes, they can call him that in London, folks) **Special** #1. Long live **Miracleman,** Eclipse, and Alan Moore! (And I love you, cat, for helping me find **Miracleman** in the first place!)

Ciao,
Scott Cooper
207 E. Locust
Durant, OK 74701

P.S. Now, if Alan could only send me that autograph of his that I've been wanting...

Whose autograph does Alan have, Scott? Ray's? That must really be someth...

C'mon, I knew this one all along.

Sorry to interrupt your letter earlier, but I couldn't resist. Let us know how things are going around ish #99 (fifteen years from now), or sooner if you can spare the stamp. We love mail.

Dear Alans,

I didn't expect Cream to get killed. Reflectively, I can see that there wasn't any way around it, but the means disturbed me. I thought his personal demons would kill him, not some mutated beast let loose on the world by a semi-sane immortality-seeker. And I haven't come up with an adequate explanation for the sapphires the beast spit up with the blood. Not being able to explain something unnerves me.

Other than Cream's death, however, I felt that this issue dipped back toward the Marvelman flavor just a bit too much. Gargunza was portrayed as a man who was evil. Miracleman was untouchable. Gargunza's tactics were standard bits. Self-sacrifice was the order of the day. My god, you've almost gone mainstream with this issue! Quick, get out the Lysol!

Everybody stay crazy!

Scott Wesely
1617 Sioux
Lincoln, NE 68502

G-G-G-GLIBAAHAAHAAHAAHAA!!!!

How's that?

Dear cat, Alan, Chuck:

So Cream is dead. Amazing. Alan's secondary characters are usually as interesting, as fascinating as his primary characters. Such is true of Cream. At Marvel, where "continuity" is the holy word these days, such a strong character would doubtless begin guest-starring in other books and eventually be spun-off into his own series. In **Miracleman**'s more realistic setting, however, Cream's death was inevitable, given the character's dangerous situation.

Even more surprising is Miracleman's killing Gargunza. Anyone who's read comics twenty-some years knows Gargunza is absolutely great arch-villain material: he's Superman's Lex Luthor; Batman's Joker; Reed Richards' Doctor Doom; Captain America's Red Skull; Daredevil's Kingpin. But, caught up in the four-color fantasy, the reader forgets that Alan writes by different rules. Gargunza has snapped MM out of the "golly-gee-whiz" hero syndrome in which he was trapped by sleep conditioning. MM has seen Johnny Bates' innocence and heroic power corrupted. Life is snapping all around him. He can't play by comic book rules any longer.

With Gargunza's death, however, any further threats from the Spookshow would seem ended, since the doctor had taken its primary secrets with him. Big Ben's reappearance is a possibility, though he has been proven rather ineffectual. So what will appear as the next major threat to MM? Another mad scientist like Gargunza could revitalize the Spookshow, I suppose; and Johnny Bates could return as a major menace, of course. Beyond that, I'll just have to wait to be surprised.

On the way to surprises—it was good to see Mike Moran work himself out of a tight spot without having to rely on his muscular doppelganger. I hope he'll show more spunk in the months to come.

Cover artists? How about Brian Bolland, P. Craig Russell, Michael Golden, John Byrne, Jerry Ordway, Dan Adkins, and Curt Swan? Why not Alan Davis?

Meanwhile, I hope your life is returning to normal. So often do we see a disaster through the media's eyes that we come to sympathize with the victims, but are, ultimately, immune to their pain and the forces depicted. It is, after all, hundreds, thousands of miles away. Until we discover some link—in this case, a comic book, its company, the people who bring us pleasure—that personalizes the situation. Unfortunately, unless such occurrences are personalized for us, "disaster"—because of its regularity and the media's inherent distancing ability— has become just another consumerized "object."

Best wishes.

Sincerely,
Duane Spurlock
436 South Hite Ave., #4
Louisville, KY 40206

Thanks for your thoughtful letter, Duane. (And remember when Kingpin was linked with Spidey, rather than ol' Hornhead?) Let us know what you think of the birth of Miraclebaby this issue, OK?

Speaking of cover artists...

Folks,

Okay, okay! I finally broke down and bought an issue of **Miracleman!** I read it and it was great! I'm hooked now! Are you satisfied? I am! What can I say about this comic that hasn't already been said? How about: **Miracleman** is a jammin' comic! Mondo boffo! And that's just the reprints! I can't wait for the new stuff! Also, I love the idea of having each issue's cover done by a different "big name" artist! I'd like to see covers by: Art Adams, Steve Leialoha, Neal Adams, Walt Simonson, Sal Buscema, George Perez, Matt Wagner, John Byrne, Berni Wrightson, Jim Steranko, Barry Windsor-Smith, Jack Kirby, Mike Mignola, Frank Miller, Dennis Fujitake, Bill Sienkiewicz, John Severin, Keith Giffen, Mike Golden, Steve Ditko, Rich Buckler, Paul Smith, Dave Cockrum, Marshall Rogers, Bob Layton, Mary Wilshire, Tom Yeates, Pat Broderick, Craig Russell, Brian Bolland, Joe Kubert, Gil Kane, Mike Grell, Steve Rude, Bill Reinhold, Mike Kaluta, Jim Sherman, Bill Willingham, and George Freeman (whew!). Keep up the great work and Bring Back Paradax!

Sincerely,
Eric Hess
211 Pauline Drive
Saltsburg, PA 15681

P.S. Is Pedro Henry really Pete Milligan?

Well, Eric, you'll be glad to know that all of the artists you mentioned will team up for the cover of #10, an incredible "jam" effort that...

You think I'm lying?

Hmph. If it's not true, then my name's not Pedro Henry.

(In other words, you're wrong as the day is long, Eric. Sorry.)

Next issue: Kid Miracleman! Liz Moran! The return of Mike Moran! Miraclebaby! And...Miraclewoman!

And, if you can believe it, extraterrestrials in "meat garments"! All by Alan Moore and Rick Veitch, with a special surprise cover by one of the artists on Eric's list, and more of the "Laser Eraser" back-up by me and...I mean, Pedro Henry and the gang. See you then—

David Allen